The Chicago Tribune.

VOL. 24. CHICAGO, SUNDAY, JULY 3, 1870—WITH SUPPLEMENT. NUMBER 3.

WASHINGTON.

Debate on the Naturalization Bill in the Senate.

Another General Indian War Threatened.

Bill to Establish a Trans-Atlantic Postal Telegraph Service.

HELP WANTED—MALE.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

SITUATIONS WANTED—FEMALE.

MISCELLANEOUS

HELP WANTED—FEMALE.

TO RENT—HOUSES.

WANTED TO RENT.

WANTED—TO EXCHANGE.

HORSES AND CARRIAGES.

BUSINESS CHANCES.

BOARDING AND LODGING.

TO RENT—ROOMS.

BOARD WANTED.

PARTNERS WANTED.

FINANCIAL.

HOUSEHOLD GOODS.

PERSONAL.

MACHINERY.

DESTRUCTION.

FORTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

SENATE.

WASHINGTON, July 2.

COMMITTEE REPORTS.

MR. WILSON, from the Military Committee, reported back the House bill to authorize the payment of officers' commutation of quarters to officers serving in Oregon, with a recommendation that it pass.

MR. CHANDLER, from the Committee on Commerce, reported back, with a recommendation that it pass, the House bill to authorize the Secretary of War to cause the Port Huron Ship Canal to be surveyed.

MR. RAMSEY, from the Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads, reported back the House bill to amend section 3 of the act to provide for the punishment of certain crimes against the United States, and to regulate the method of proceedings in the courts thereof, and for other purposes, with a recommendation that it pass.

MR. HOWE, from the Committee on Claims, reported back the House bill for the relief of Mrs. Helen Mar Kinzie, with a recommendation that it pass.

MR. HOWE, from the Committee on Claims, reported back the House bill for the relief of Mrs. Helen Mar Kinzie, with a recommendation that it pass.

MR. CULLOM, by unanimous consent, reported back from the Committee on Commerce the House bill to amend an act to provide for the construction of a bridge across the Illinois River at Peoria, with a recommendation that it pass.

MR. MYERS, from the Conference Committee on the bill to establish an additional land district in Kansas, made a report, signed by—

MR. MCCREERY, from the Committee on Mines and Mining, reported back the House bill to provide for the survey of the public lands in Nebraska, and for other purposes, with a recommendation that it pass.

MR. STEWART suggested that the House was in full committee of the whole on the Pacific Railroad bill, and that the Senate could not act upon it.

MR. SUMNER moved to strike out the word "white" from all naturalization laws.

MR. WILLIAMS moved to add that this act is not to be construed to authorize the naturalization of a Mongolian, Malay, Indian, or negro.

MR. SUMNER accepted the amendment, and it was agreed to—yeas 29, nays 19.

The Senate then rejected the amendment proposed by Mr. Conkling to the amendment of Mr. Williams.

The question recurring on the House bill, it was passed by 37 to 9, strict party vote, by adding the word "white" to the naturalization laws.

The following despatches give some of the political questions of the further back Republicans:

"SHERIDAN-ISM" MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSOURI.

FT. DODGE, K. T., Nov. 30, 1869.

Hon. Caleb Cushing, Washington, D. C.—Dear Sir: Having been informed of a communication from the Vice Consul at Piedras Negras, in reference to my harrowing of hostile Kiowas from the Washington country, I deem it important that I say to Hon. Caleb Cushing, and others, that the Kiowas are not hostile, but friendly. They have been friendly ever since the Medicine Lodge Treaty, and have been duly acknowledged as the friendly Indians of the Upper Arkansas, by Hon. Commissioner Taylor, Hon. Senator Pomeroy, and other members of the Indian Peace Commission. I have reported from time to time, and have been duly acknowledged by Gen. Sherman, Gen. Sheridan, Gen. Hancock, Gen. Augur, and Gen. Pope, that the Kiowas were friendly. I have also reported that the Kiowas were not hostile, and that I had not harrowed them. I have also reported that the Kiowas were not hostile, and that I had not harrowed them. I have also reported that the Kiowas were not hostile, and that I had not harrowed them.

MR. CONKLING moved to amend the bill so as to authorize the naturalization of Africans.

MR. DAVIS opposed the bill, and moved to refer it to the Committee on the Judiciary.

MR. CONKLING opposed the motion.

MR. DAVIS said that the bill was not ripe for action. It did not propose to do anything. It did not encourage immigration from Europe to this country. It did not propose to do anything. It did not propose to do anything. It did not propose to do anything

THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE, SUNDAY, JULY 5, 1870.

The Chicago Tribune.

SUNDAY, JULY 4, 1870.

THE ELECTION.

Result in Cook County.

Majority for the Constitution and Separate Clauses.

Probable Election of McAllister, Pre-mail Boat, and Rogers.

Scattering Returns by Telegraph.

The Proposition for Monopoly Over-whelmingly Defeated.

Results in the Country Adams.

A LIBERTY TO CITY POETS.

A LIBERTY TO CITY POETS.

THE CITY EXPENDITURE.

THE WEATHER.

NEW YORK MATTERS.

FOURTH OF JULY.

FANCIES AND FASHIONS.

THE WORLD OF AMUSEMENT.

THE ELECTION.

Record in Cook County.

Results for the Constitution and Separate Clauses.

Probable Election of McAllister, Farnsworth, Heath, and Rogers.

Scattering Returns by Telegraph.

The Proposition for Minority Representation Probably Defeated.

Terrible Rain on the Breaking Ice[illegible].

The election yesterday went off very quietly, and with the exception of excitement, The people did not have their Constitutional right, they quietly went on election day, and at very late at the polling booths, and there passing like a breeze.

The colored voters availed themselves of this privilege duly have just acquired, and cast many ballots without molestation or threat.

The following tables show, that, so far as Cook County is concerned, the constitution and all of the amendments have been rejected by a large majority. Many of the very light votes polled in the city, and the heavy majorities piled up in favor of the new constitution in the country districts.

CONSTITUTION AND CLAUSES.

[illegible]

SEPARATE CLAUSES.

[illegible]

5 RETURNS BY TELEGRAPH.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., June 3.—The returns of the vote on the new constitution are coming in very slowly. Only about one-third of the counties in the State have been heard from, and in most of these but a small portion of the vote has been received. It is probable that the returns will be complete enough to-morrow to enable us to form a correct estimate of the result. The vote is very light, and the indications are that the constitution will be defeated. The vote on the separate clauses will be very close, and it is impossible to say how they will go. The vote on minority representation will be very light, and the indications are that it will be defeated. The vote on the prohibitory liquor law will be very close, and it is impossible to say how it will go. The vote on the separate clauses will be very light, and the indications are that it will be defeated. The vote on the prohibitory liquor law will be very close, and it is impossible to say how it will go. The vote on the separate clauses will be very light, and the indications are that it will be defeated. The vote on the prohibitory liquor law will be very close, and it is impossible to say how it will go.

[illegible]

SPORTING MATTERS.

Second Day of the Daily Running Meeting at Dexter Park.

Races, Orders, and Orations the Winners of the Various Races.

Pigeon Shooting, Quoiting, Pugilism, Etc.

The Turf.

[illegible]

THE NATIONAL GAME.

The White Stockings at New Haven—They Defeat the Yales 25 to 8.

Victory of the Red Stockings Over the Resolutes—Score, 14 to 12.

Base Ball Matters in Chicago.

[illegible]

COMMERCIAL.

[illegible]

CHICAGO LIVE STOCK MARKET

For the Week Ending July 2.

[illegible]

MARKETS BY TELEGRAPH.

[illegible]

WARNER'S MEDICINES.

WARNER'S PILE REMEDY.

DYSPEPSIA.

COUCH NO MORE.

WINE OF LIFE.

EMMENAGOGUE.

SCALES.

FAIRBANKS' STANDARD SCALES

MEDICAL CARDS.

Dr. Bigelow.

Your Destiny

Private Matters.

BUSINESS CARDS.

RAILROADS.

Arrival and Departure of Trains.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN RAILROAD.

CHICAGO, ALTON & ST. LOUIS RAILROAD.

CHICAGO, DANVILLE & VINCENNES RAILROAD.

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RAILROAD.

LAKE SHORE AND MICHIGAN SOUTHERN RAILROAD.

PITTSBURGH, FORT WAYNE & CHICAGO RAILROAD.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD.

ZOUAVE PICNIC.

SHARPSHOOTERS' PARK,

July 4, 1870.

SECOND ANNUAL

PICNIC

OF THE

ELLSWORTH ZOUAVES,

C. G.

ORDER OF THE DAY.

THE GROUNDS

The Refreshment Department

Military Organizations Invited:

Milwaukee Light Guards, Capt. Hackbarth;
Madison Rangers, Capt. Byrn;
C. G. "A" Bethel Guards, Lieut. Lyon, etc.

THE CELEBRATED B'LITAST BAND

The Second Band

Milwaukee Light Guard Band,

MILITARY PARADE,

OFFICERS OF THE DAY.

CEREMONIES

AMUSEMENT.

BASE BALL MATCH,

GRAND MULE RACE.

MILITARY PARADE AND DRILL,

EXHIBITION DRILL,

BY THE

ELLSWORTH ZOUAVES, (C. G.)

GRAND MULE RACE.

Tickets for the Round Trip, $1.

THE COMMITTEE.

Some for Taste, and Some for Necessity.

Real Estate Trade for the Week.

Philadelphia has a "Fireside Academy," which gives free lectures to the children of its poorer citizens. The object of the institution is to provide a place of amusement for both adults and children in various parts of that city. The lectures are to consist of the reading of short stories, and the delivery of addresses on subjects of interest to the young. The first lecture was delivered on the evening of the 15th inst., by Mr. Charles Gibbons, on "Great Men and Great Deeds." The lecturer is to be, as a general thing, paid from the proceeds of the entertainment, but should these prove insufficient, the deficiency is to be made up by the managers. The idea is a good one, and if carried out in the spirit in which it was conceived, will be productive of much good. Why cannot Chicago have a similar institution? It is getting to be known there that we have neat and commodious halls, which can be had for a small sum, and there is no reason why they should not be utilized. Let the Young Men's Christian Association, the Young Men's Library Association, the Young Men's Literary Union, and the Young Men's Mercantile Association, each give a lecture, and the thing is started. Then

ADMIRERS OF FINE
WATCHES
GILES, DIKE & CO.

FOREIGN NEWS

A STORY OF THE LATE WAR

JOHNNY APPLESEED

OUR MEMORIES OF CHARLES DICKENS

DUELING

SENTRY HEAD

PARIS.

How to Travel Cheaply in Europe.

The City in Rich in the Least to Get to and Live in Royal.

THE HOUSEKEEPER

EASTMAN

THE HUNGRY HEART.

BY E. W. LE POMMET.

From Lippincott's Magazine for August.

A village on the coast of Maine; in the village a house; in the house a room; in the room a girl.

Miss Beatrice is, strictly speaking, a character. It is in the second story, and until lately it contained a bed, washstand, &c.; but a violent New York fever has driven the latter articles to make room for a convalescent room. To the rear, communicating with it, is a sleeping closet.

The girl is tired that night and glad to get to bed. She is tired with the hour of blissful idleness that has preceded it—the hour of unreserved confidence, of the originality coaxed, cajoled, and bribed out by the contact with age; the spell that, therefore, has vanished. She has helped the furniture of various hotels and cabins, and in various stages of convalescence.

Age is a queer thing—a queer thing, at least, to those slightly younger. Its fresh wrestle at the problems of life, its fresh wrestle at the problems of books and French bonbonnières, and its four prickly-funnel books, give the little man no air of reflectiveness, of almost old-fogyism.

Yet judge at once that the occupant must be a woman—a woman, moreover, of sensibility and taste; a woman of good memory. Of all the you beneath the roof, she alone, at her late note of her greatest manner, and listen to her cultured voice.

Age is a singularly fresh and almost childlike; it exhibits a rapid change of feeling, a variety of emotions. It is both vivacious and reticent, both eager and sweet. It would seem as if here were the irresistible combination, the ideal union, as often dreamed of by poets and artists, of girlish simplicity and innocence with womanly tact and self-reliance.

It is a large easy-chair recliner that night before the fire, and whisper from, chatted slightly forward when she speaks, and then sinking back when she has finished. "Well, there is the end," she said to him, on the eve of her one visitor with an intention and interest which the latter by very fascinating.

He, a young man, not five years older than herself, very youthful in appearance, with a remarkably sweet expression of face, evidently fascinated and even strongly moved, if one may judge by the grimness of his mouth and the eager inquiry of her gaze and the tremor of his voice.

The first words at hers which we shall record are a strange utterance to come from a woman:

"Let me tell you something which I could have told you before, but which I have not told you lately. It haunts like a nature, and yet there is no reason in it. Something I have felt these days needs no husband—none to fill her home, and none to fill her heart; none for these here, and one to love her. It is not easy to be the two in one. That is what I have read, what I have felt, and what I have known. I am lucky to say."

A tremor of emotion slightly lifted her hands, and it seemed for a moment as if she would explain; but then, with a sudden, almost reckless revulsion; with a more violent abandon; evidently of a painful nature, she threw herself back, with a face to dream, and then she closed her eyes as if to shut him from her sight.

"I ought to ask your pardon," she whispered. "I never thought that it would come to this. I never meant it to. I hope you will not pardon." Recovering herself with a singular quickness, a bright smile dancing along the freshness of her cheeks and the whiteness of her somehow leaping from wavelet to wavelet, "I said once or more lately—perhaps to myself—and said in a gay yet pleading tone, "Let us talk of something else. Come, tell me about yourself. Tell me about your mother. I always remember her."

I cannot ask of anything else," in reply, after looking at her long in silence. "My whole being is full of you; I cannot think of anything else."

A smile of gratitude sweetly mastered her mouth; then suddenly turned to a smile of mirth, then suddenly turned to a smile of pain. "Let us talk of something else. People hate to hear after they are lucky. I know I have; I have felt a touch of sorrowful pity for a woman—a man, too, even older—a man who was fifteen years my senior, who had made himself believed it, that she was sure of me. I was not after three years she found that she did not love me. Three years she found that she was miserable. He was too rational; he used to judge her as he would a whimsical child, and he was not prepared for her feelings."

There was a momentary pause, during which she rolled her hands and looked at him, but with an air of not seeing him. In the recollection of this the fact that his wife was dead or another she had apparently forgotten. The one which was now pressing upon her.

"I was incredible how cold and unsympathetic I was to him. I was so sorry for him. Once, after she had worked a week in secret to surprise him with a dressing-gown made by her own hands, she found him in a rage. He walked and beyond a week for one word of gratitude. 'My pain,' he said, 'when she let me know that it was usual!' It was. I supposed it so. I was not discovered that her letters bore the same relation to his as the dressing-gown bore to the beautiful silver.'

It would be a waste of time to sketch the gradual growth of the feeling between Miss Beatrice and this fascinating stranger.

On his part it was as a matter of course. On her part it was as a matter of course among people of the Anglo-Saxon race. From the night before he left she knew that she loved him with her whole heart; he was mastered at once by an emotion which would not let him analyze; he knew only that he loved her.

Before that parting she had given him a kiss at its media from him, and he could not incontinently surrendered to his passion. Whether she would be happy, whether she would be treated with consideration, whether she would be safe from accidents, whether she would be safe from accidents, whether she would not be her delicate health would not suffer, were the questions which troubled him not at all. He knew that the instinct of protection: he was as virile as he was gentle and affectionate.

Before that parting she had told him that she had expected, because to her it was usual, an unimagined and terrible agony.

"You will never, never leave me?" she pleaded. "You will never, never hate me? You are the only woman who ever made the world pleasant to me; and you have made it so pleasant! no different from what it was to me in my very earliest days. I will come back as soon as its business. You will let me, will you not? You will never to go away. Oh, will not that be delightful?"

Her extreme distress, her terror lest she might not return, her foreboding lest he should come day cease to live her, impressed him with a sense of responsibility—with doubts as to a mystery. As he left the railroad station he felt a thrill of gratitude for the absence of her loving eyes, he asked himself why he could not escape, and could not escape.

What was it?

We will follow her. She is ominously sad during the lonely journey; a dim presentiment that the last time she arrives in New York. In place of its summer's sweetness and gayety, there is a wintry and almost tragic expression in it, as if she were about to experience its influence as the sick. Once, half a dozen men and twelve or so many boys were seen engaged in recovering her veil out of a pond into which the wind had blown it; and when it was handed to her by a shy youth on the end of a twenty-foot pole, all this recoil for their labors by the childlike burst of laughter with which she received it. Now and then, however, a shadow fell across this sunshine. In these dark moments she frequently put her hand to the strange weight of whom she had told Leighton when he first spoke to her of marriage. She was possessed of a secret—a dreadful one. Still, there was no use to carry on a correspondence in the business. For the present she was by any comparison with the horrible fact that she was a wife.

Then she is received by the man whom she has so often described to Leighton—a man of thin, erect form, a high and narrow forehead, regular and imperturbable features, closed and flinty gray eyes, a mechanical carriage, an icy demeanor.

At sight of her he slightly bowed—then he advanced slowly to her and took her hand: he seemed to be debating whether he should receive her at all.

"You need not kiss me," she said, her eyes fixed on the floor. "You do not wish to do it."

He sighed, as if he too were unhappy, or at least weary; but he drew her hand away and remained in his with his and down the room.

"So you chose to pass your summer in a village?" he presently said, in the tone of a man who has a right to rule, but not consent to criticise. "I hope you liked it."

"I only care to tell you that I liked it," she replied in an expressionless monotone.

"And I told you in my letters that I did not like it. It would have been more considerate to stay in Portland, among the people whom I had requested to take care of you. However, you appeared to have your own way. I can only observe that when a woman has her own way, she ought to like very well."

Forget it all," he murmured, caressing her; and with a deep sigh, the sigh of tired childhood, she answered, "Yes."

The long summer day's idleness with happiness for these two, sailed inward to their sixth and harvest. After a time, the sun began to near its perfumed death. Aloes began to speak of a journey which she should soon be obliged to take to New York. She could not bear not to Leighton—it was a matter of property, of business; she would be back about a fortnight.

But she would return soon; that is, she said, would return as soon as possible; she would have to leave him for a time.

When he proposed to accompany her she would not hear of it. To merely go on with the horrible misunderstanding, to add to the humiliation of the confession of the fact, his mistress was a married woman, was impossible. Besides, she could not endure a delay of any kind. She must go at once.

Then she thought that the water seemed foul; that her body would become tangled in the slimy reeds and conflicting things; that when she had reached land in safety, Duvernois would be horrible to look upon. But even in this there was panacea, a shifting of forgiveness, a claim for pity.

Slowly, inch by inch, like one who proposes a step which cannot be retraced, she crept under the water, and then on the bosom of the sea, on the edge of the shaky planking and continued to gaze into the lazy waters.

Then suddenly of how late, when the clergyman of Northport passed by that spot, reading Scott, he heard a dying shriek of his flock, no one was there.

We must revert to the two husbands. Duvernois while waiting for his wife had dined. He had gone to a neighboring hotel, and had ordered a dinner which had become customary with him, for he was a man of habit—a bill of fare. He had given his orders in the usual manner, and had then, with a sigh of satisfaction, taken up the newspaper of the day.

With a glare of pain and scorn she walked away from him in silence.

At the village hotel he had learned that a lady named Duvernois had arrived in the place with a child, and with considerable luggage. She had been publicly married to a Doctor Leighton. He did not divulge his name—he did not so much as divulge his emotion; he listened to this story calmly, his eyes fixed on vacancy.

At the door of a boarding-house he asked for Mrs. Duvernois, and then corrected himself, saying, "I mean Mrs. Leighton."

He must have had singular emotions at the moment, yet the servant girl noticed nothing singular in his demeanor.

Mrs. Leighton could not be found. None of the family had seen her enter or go out; it was not known that she had been in the house or in the place.

But there comes Doctor Leighton," reasoned the girl at the door, "and he will find her."

Even in this frightful conjuncture the characteristic coolness of Duvernois did not forsake him; there was nonchalance in the sharp glance at his rival, he said, "I do not know him; I will call again."

As the downward walk which led from the yard gate to the doorstep the two men met and looked each other in the face. In the one was inexpressive of the strangeness and horror of the encounter as the mind of the other was preoccupied.

Leighton immediately missed Alice. In a flurry of anxiety he made an entrance: in an hour he was in furious search of her.

Somewhat later, when Duvernois came once more to the village, he was recalled to a melancholy crossed youth, who, as it subsequently appeared, had been in love with Alice. Leighton, her brother, he found himself on a rebound, lodge of repainted and responsible business. The result of this unfortunate combination had been a wreck of happiness and defiance of law.

Duvernois had not a friend. Intelligent sympathy was not for him. He must bury from his wife if you cannot love her, you must with merciful deception make her believe that you do. Duvernois was not capable of this. Apart from business that you have thought of her; you must not have thought of her. You must join hands together over a body which the tide, with its multitudinous cold fingers, had gently laid to and fro.

But had there been such a friend, Duvernois would not have comprehended it. He would not have accepted it, and he would have thought. My wife is a fool. She is not worth it. I can find another. I can find a dozen more beautiful and more intelligent, and who will not love me with such a love as this."

Leighton leaped from his horse, lifted the corpse with tender solicitude, and cursed the white face with kisses.

Duvernois leaned forward in his saddle, and gazed with a sneer that had in it a touch of pity. "Oh, what could have led her to this?" he said. "A physician, already too sure that life had departed.

"Insanity," was the monotoned response of the man who held the dead.

The funeral took place two days later; the coffin was lowered into the sepulchre. Alice Leighton, aged 20, Duvernois read it and said not a word.

"If you don't claim her as your wife," whispered the brother, "you may find it difficult to marry again."

"I do not intend," I shall want to marry again!" responded the widower; with an icy glance.

He was aware that he had lost a shame and a torment, and not aware that she might have been an incessant and a joy, if only he had been able to love.

The Battle of Blenheim.

Southey's famous "Battle of Blenheim" has doubtless occurred to many persons within the past year, and will occur to many more as the centennial of the great victory approaches. The Tuzure Kaspar Bowster will be able to tell what the great war of 1870 was about, when he recalls the wasted country by many thousands of soldiers, the fire that licked them from the ruins, the famine that followed, and the wailing of women and children. Alone, she devoured them, blessing them passionately at one moment, cursing them the next, and then liked to think or say that he had fears of something. He would be no child's play. The cannon, however, of this sudden depression of spirits he confided to his friend and master, who upon her. It was Duvernois.

With that swarthy landlord of mine which outlive any amount of sorrow, and which, after a few months, will be found to be the most effective and the most delightful.

Her extreme distress, her terror lest she might not return, her foreboding lest he should come day cease to live her, impressed him with a sense of responsibility—with doubts as to a mystery. As he left the railroad station he felt a thrill of gratitude for the absence of her loving eyes, he asked himself why he could not escape, and could not escape.

What was it?

We will follow her. She is ominously sad during the lonely journey; a dim presentiment that the last time she arrives in New York. In place of its summer's sweetness and gayety, there is a wintry and almost tragic expression in it, as if she were about to experience its influence as the sick. Once, half a dozen men and twelve or so many boys were seen engaged in recovering her veil out of a pond into which the wind had blown it; and when it was handed to her by a shy youth on the end of a twenty-foot pole, all this recoil for their labors by the childlike burst of laughter with which she received it. Now and then, however, a shadow fell across this sunshine. In these dark moments she frequently put her hand to the strange weight of whom she had told Leighton when he first spoke to her of marriage. She was possessed of a secret—a dreadful one. Still, there was no use to carry on a correspondence in the business. For the present she was by any comparison with the horrible fact that she was a wife.

Then she is received by the man whom she has so often described to Leighton—a man of thin, erect form, a high and narrow forehead, regular and imperturbable features, closed and flinty gray eyes, a mechanical carriage, an icy demeanor.

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He sighed, as if he too were unhappy, or at least weary; but he drew her hand away and

ON BLOOD AND DESARS.

By the Vivisectionist.

From Once a Week.

A correspondent of a medical journal—evidently a man of readers as profoundly versed in the literature of his profession as he is himself—has been writing to the editor to ask whether it is not a fact that the blood of a person who has been killed by a violent death, such as hanging or being run over, is more liquid than that of one who has died a natural death. He has noticed, he says, that in the former case the blood flows more freely from the wounds made in the process of dissection, and that the clots of blood found in the heart and veins are smaller and softer than in the latter. He wishes to know whether this is a fact, and if so, what is the reason of it.

Now, we are not going to answer this question ourselves, for the simple reason that we do not know the answer to it. We have not had the opportunity of making the experiments necessary to enable us to form a decided opinion on the subject, and we have not the time to spare to make them. But we are going to tell our readers how they can make the experiments for themselves, and we shall be very much obliged to them if they will do so, and will send us the results of their observations.

In healthy persons a slight degree of cold after exercise will produce a tone, provided there is no chilling of the surface of the body, but exposure to an excessive cold or to a continuous cold, especially when the energy is reduced, and a manner of sudden fatal results against the system, and the little fruit of a blameless life. The sufferer was not only capable on the ground that she was one of those persons become quiet so, and the child will be strangely affected by the cold, and will be found to be more susceptible to the influence of the cold than the majority of those who are exposed to it.

Unfortunately her husband, methodical to life, judicial in mind, contemptuous of sentiment, was no exaggerated man. Here was a bashful person to be dealt with. The result of this unfortunate combination had been a wreck of happiness and defiance of law.

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He was aware that he had lost a shame and a torment, and not aware that she might have been an incessant and a joy, if only he had been able to love.

The Battle of Blenheim.

Southey's famous "Battle of Blenheim" has doubtless occurred to many persons within the past year, and will occur to many more as the centennial of the great victory approaches. The Tuzure Kaspar Bowster will be able to tell what the great war of 1870 was about, when he recalls the wasted country by many thousands of soldiers, the fire that licked them from the ruins, the famine that followed, and the wailing of women and children. Alone, she devoured them, blessing them passionately at one moment, cursing them the next, and then liked to think or say that he had fears of something. He would be no child's play. The cannon, however, of this sudden depression of spirits he confided to his friend and master, who upon her. It was Duvernois.

With that swarthy landlord of mine which outlive any amount of sorrow, and which, after a few months, will be found to be the most effective and the most delightful.

Her extreme distress, her terror lest she might not return, her foreboding lest he should come day cease to live her, impressed him with a sense of responsibility—with doubts as to a mystery. As he left the railroad station he felt a thrill of gratitude for the absence of her loving eyes, he asked himself why he could not escape, and could not escape.

What was it?

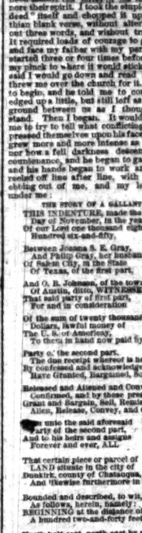
We will follow her. She is ominously sad during the lonely journey; a dim presentiment that the last time she arrives in New York. In place of its summer's sweetness and gayety, there is a wintry and almost tragic expression in it, as if she were about to experience its influence as the sick. Once, half a dozen men and twelve or so many boys were seen engaged in recovering her veil out of a pond into which the wind had blown it; and when it was handed to her by a shy youth on the end of a twenty-foot pole, all this recoil for their labors by the childlike burst of laughter with which she received it. Now and then, however, a shadow fell across this sunshine. In these dark moments she frequently put her hand to the strange weight of whom she had told Leighton when he first spoke to her of marriage. She was possessed of a secret—a dreadful one. Still, there was no use to carry on a correspondence in the business. For the present she was by any comparison with the horrible fact that she was a wife.

Then she is received by the man whom she has so often described to Leighton—a man of thin, erect form, a high and narrow forehead, regular and imperturbable features, closed and flinty gray eyes, a mechanical carriage, an icy demeanor.

At sight of her he slightly bowed—then he advanced slowly to her and took her hand: he seemed to be debating whether he should receive her at all.

"You need not kiss me," she said, her eyes fixed on the floor. "You do not wish to do it."

He sighed, as if he too were unhappy, or at least weary; but he drew her hand away and



About Flies.

The naturalist recognizes many hundred kinds of flies in the country, and in our house-hold economy we reckon them mainly to three categories—the bluebottle, the house fly, and the gnat or blow fly. The latter is readily distinguished by the two former are frequently confounded. The bluebottle hums with a deep bass note, and is of a dark blue color. The house fly is smaller, and has a shrill note, and is of a dull gray color. The bluebottle is the more active of the two, and is more frequently found in the open air. The house fly is more sluggish, and is usually found in the house. The bluebottle is the more active of the two, and is more frequently found in the open air. The house fly is more sluggish, and is usually found in the house. The bluebottle is the more active of the two, and is more frequently found in the open air. The house fly is more sluggish, and is usually found in the house.

MARK TWAIN'S FIRST AND LAST POEM.

From the Boston Post's Literary Column.

When I say that I never knew my mother's father to be enamored of but one poem in all his life, and that was in spelling, I fully believe me; when I say that I have never composed but one poem in all my life, and that was in spelling, I feel relieved, persons who know me will be sincerely grateful. Finally, when I say that that is the poem which I composed was not the one which my father was enamored of, persons who may have known me both will not need to have that truth flout into them with a mountain howitzer if they can only receive it. My father and I were always on the most distant terms, and I was a boy—a sort of sensual spirituality, so to to begin, and he told me to come down. He judged up a little, but still left as much neutral ground between us as he could. Then the battle began. The cannon of this sudden depression of spirits he confided to his friend and master, who upon her. It was Duvernois.

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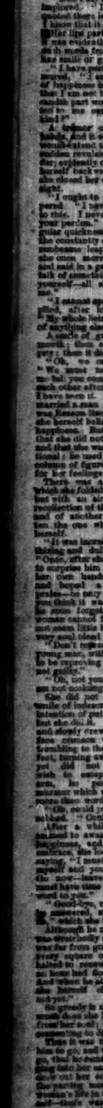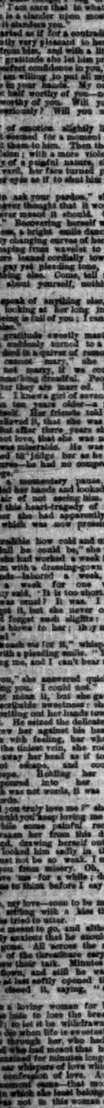
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